Featuring America's Fighting Nemesis of Crime

10¢

ANC

The BLACK TERROR

NO. 26

The BLACK TERROR
Fear is the spur... and when a weak and desperate Killer breaks loose, seeking to protect his own miserable hide, he destroys the ones who love him most! Yet fate has a strange way of twisting the best laid plans of evil minds... so that in the end THE BLACK TERROR brings to the bar of justice the right man for...
"The WRONG MURDER!"
B-387
GEORGE TUSKA
1

A pair of welcome visitors come into Bob Benton's drug store...
HELLO, CAPTAIN MELROSE, HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNING? AND YOU LOOK PRETTY AS A PICTURE, HELEN!
STOP IT, UNCLE! TAKE YOUR MEDICINE AND LET'S GO... YOU KNOW JIM'S COMING FOR LUNCH!
AN' WHY SHOULDN'T SHE, THE SAUCY MINX? BLOW ME DOWN! SHE'LL BE LEAVIN' THE OLD MAN SOON, AN' CHANGIN' HER NAME TO TURNER ...MISSUS. JIM TURNER!
SEE THAT, LADS? YE'D THINK SHE WAS THE MASTER OF A SHIP, THE WAY SHE ORDERS ME AROUND! SHE'LL BE GETTIN' MY RUBY RING ONE OF THESE DAYS.!
THE CHARMED RUBY YOU TOLD US ABOUT?
AYE, YE CAN SCOFF...BUT THERE'S A POWERFUL SPELL ON IT! AN' 'TWILL DESTROY THOSE WHO WISH ME HARM AN' WEAR THE RING WITHOUT MY CONSENT!
DON'T LISTEN TO UNCLE'S NONSENSE, BOB! I'LL BE ALONG FOR THE REST OF THE MEDICINE TOMORROW AFTERNOON!
SWELL! BE SURE TO PICK IT UP. IT'S IMPORTANT!
AREN'T THEY SWELL? A WONDERFUL FAMILY...
I HOPE YOU DON'T INCLUDE THAT CREEPY NEPHEW, HUGO! HE'S NO GOOD FROM 'WAY BACK!
HUGO? YES... IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT HE BELONGS TO THE SAME FAMILY. HUGO IS THE MODEL OF A RAT...A PERFECT RAT!
2

A FEW HOURS LATER AT THE MELROSE HOME...
BUT... BUT UNCLE, I NEED MORE MONEY!
NO! YE'VE GAMBLED AN' SPENT EVERY CENT I GIVE YE! NO! NOW GIT OUT!
IF I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY THIS EVENING... "TINY" MORELLI WILL KILL ME!
YE'VE BEEN GOIN' TO HIS GAMBLIN' SHIP, "THE "SILVER QUEEN" EVERY NIGHT... YE'RE A GOOD CUSTOMER, SO LET HIM MAKE A SETTLEMENT WITH YE! YE WON'T GET A CENT!
IF HUGO WERE ONLY HALF THE MAN HIS FATHER WAS... BUT HE'S NO GOOD! A WEAKLIN'!
OF COURSE HE WILL UNCLE. HE'S JUST WILD...
HUGO'LL BE ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN... HE'LL STRAIGHTEN OUT!
YE'RE WRONG! I KNOW MEN! AH, WHAT A PITY! BUT AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE HUGO'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER CENT OF MINE... AN' NEITHER WILL HE WHEN I'M DEAD, HELEN... FOR ALL MY MONEY IS WILLED TO YOU!
MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE GAMBLING SHIP "SILVER QUEEN"...
AIN'T IT BORING, CORPSE, THE WAY THIS CHARACTER BEGS FER HIS MISERABLE LIFE?
YES, TINY, BORING AND MONOTONOUS... EVEN DEADLY... ESPECIALLY FOR HIM.
PLEASE, TINY! GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME, I STILL CAN DO SOMETHING WITH THE OLD MAN...
I TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO... I'M GENEROUS... SEE! YOU HAVE EXACTLY TWENTY FOUR HOURS... UNTIL SEVEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW EVENING, AN' AT THAT TIME, YA'D BETTER PRODUCE FIVE GRAND... OR ELSE...

SLOWLY, THE HOURS TICK AWAY, AND IT IS THREE O'-CLOCK, THE NEXT AFTERNOON...
ONLY FOUR HOURS TO GO! FOUR HOURS! HE'LL KILL ME! THERE'S NO PLACE I CAN RUN... NO PLACE THAT TINY MORELLI WON'T FIND ME! WHAT CAN I DO?
LOOK AT THEM, LAUGHING AND JOKING, IT'S ALL THEIR FAULT! IT'S ALL... THE RING! IF I COULD GET THE RING! IT MUST BE WORTH $10,000... WHY I COULD PAY OFF TINY AND HAVE FIVE GRAND LEFT OVER!
THE WISH IS FATHER TO THE DEED...
HA-HA! I'LL MAKE 'EM ALL WISH THEY NEVER SNEERED AT ME! I HATE HELEN, AND THAT SMART JIM TURNER! AND AS FOR MY UNCLE, THE CAPTAIN ...HE'S BETTER OFF DEAD!
MEANWHILE, IN THE GARDEN...
COME ON, UNCLE, YOU TOO, JIM. WE'LL TAKE A WALK DOWN TO THE DRUG STORE AND PICK UP UNCLE'S MEDICINE...
OKAY, I COULD STRETCH MY LEGS.
BAH! MORE MEDICINE...
THE BUSHES BEHIND THEM PART... AND A SNUB-NOSED AUTOMATIC POINTS AT THE TRIO! THE WEAPON SPITS LEAD AGAIN... AGAIN... AGAIN... AND THREE DEADLY PELLETS FIND THEIR MARK!
DEAD... THE LOT OF THEM! NOW THEY'LL NEVER BOTHER ME AGAIN... AND HIS MONEY WILL GO TO ME! WITH HELEN DEAD, I'M THE ONLY HEIR!
AH! YOU BLOOD-RED BEAUTY! YOU BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL RUBY! I'M TAKING YOU WHERE YOU'LL DO ME THE BEST GOOD! AND YOU WON'T CAST YOUR SPELL ON ME... WILL YOU... YOU GORGEOUS RED BALL OF FIRE!

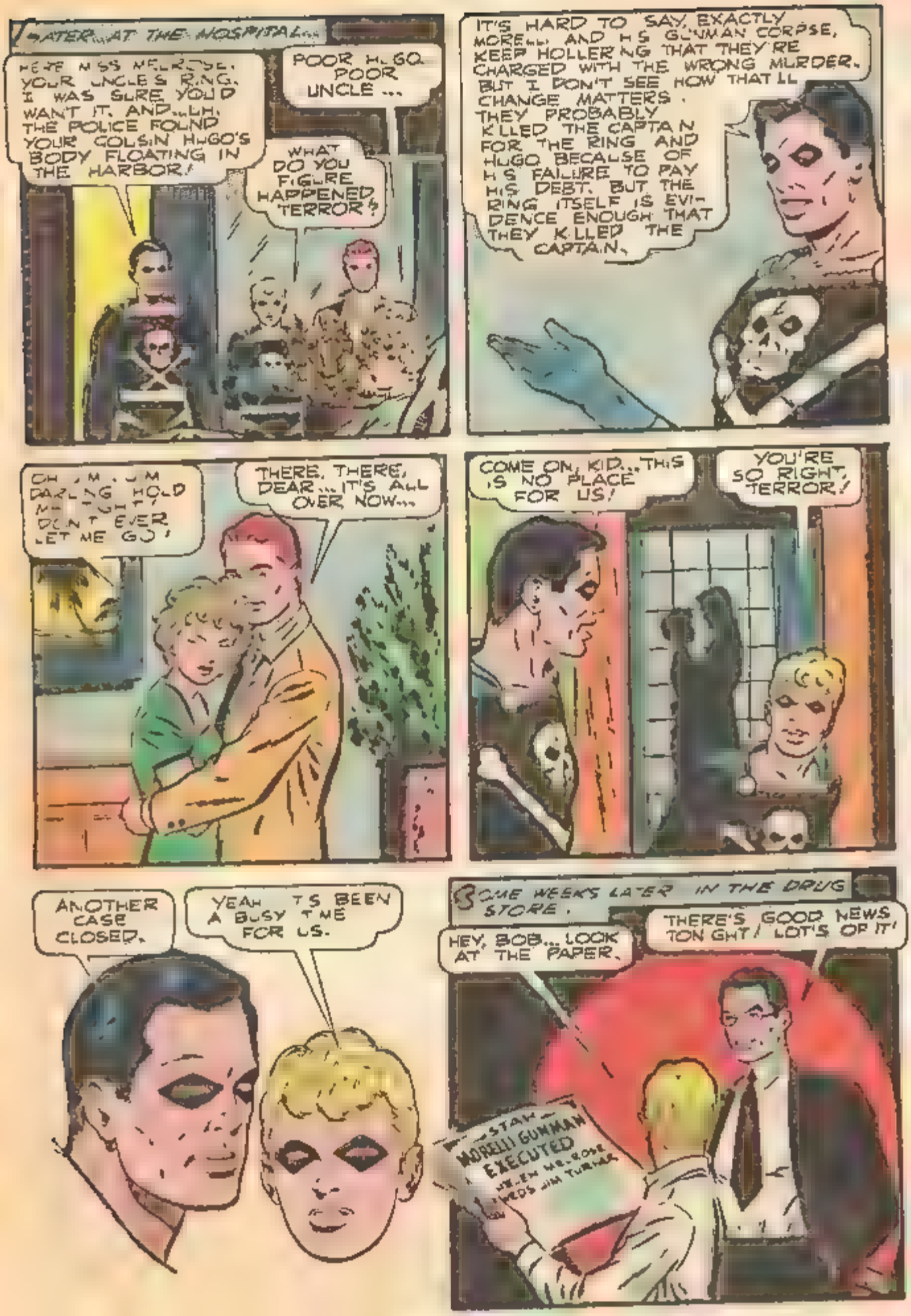
AND TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE DRUG STORE...
FIVE O'CLOCK, TIM, AND HELEN ISN'T HERE FOR THE CAPTAIN'S MEDICINE. I'M GETTING WORRIED... MAYBE SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE OLD MAN...
WE'RE CLOSING EARLY TODAY, ANYWAY. LET'S TAKE A RUN OUT TO THEIR HOUSE AND BRING THE MEDICINE.
STRANGE... THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF LIFE AROUND! I WONDER...
YEAH... THAT IS FUNNY... WAIT! I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING!
GHHHHH...
THERE... IN THE GARDEN... SOMEONE'S GROANING!
A MOMENT LATER...
CAPTAIN WON'T BE NEEDING HIS MEDICINE NOW... HE'S DEAD ...SHOT THROUGH THE BACK!
THESE TWO ARE STILL ALIVE! HURRY, TIM! CALL AN AMBULANCE... AND THE POLICE!
HELEN AND JIM ARE RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL, WHILE THE POLICE, START THEIR INVESTIGATION OF THE CRIME...
LOOK, BOB... I FOUND A HANDKERCHIEF WITH THE INITIALS "H.M." AND THREE EMPTY PISTOL SHELLS. THEY WERE BEHIND THE BUSHES! HE MUST HAVE FIRED FROM THERE!
H.M.... HUGH MELROSE! WE MUST FIND HUGO... FAST. I'VE A HUNCH WHERE HE IS! LET'S GO AS THE TERROR TWINS!
AFTER A LIGHTNING CHANGE... TWO STRANGELY GARBED FIGURES SPEED AWAY... THE TERROR TWINS!
THE BLACK TERROR! NOW WHERE IN THE WORLD DID HE COME FROM!
WHERE ARE WE GOING, TERROR?
TO THE "SILVER QUEEN"!

AND ON THE "SILVER QUEEN"...
CORPSE! LOOK WHAT JUST COME IN! THE THINGS YA SEE WHEN YA DON'T HAVE A GUN.
I HAVE A GUN, BOSS, AND IT SHOOTS PERFECTLY!
AH! BUT YOU WON'T HAVE TO USE IT... ON ME, ANYWAY!
YA GOT THE DOUGH, HUH? GIVE, BROTHER, GIVE!
TINY, I HAVE SOMETHING THAT'S BETTER THAN MONEY... AND IT'S GOING TO COST YOU EXACTLY FIVE GRAND TO GET IT!
HEY, WHAT COMES OFF HERE?
THIS, TINY, THIS RUBY RING! IT'S WORTH TEN GRAND! FIVE OF IT ERASES MY DEBT... GIVE ME FIVE AND KEEP THE RING. A DEAL?
SAAAY... THAT IS A ROCK, AIN'T IT?
YEP, IT'S A DEAL! YOU GET FIVE GRAND AND WE'RE ALL SQUARED! THIS IS SOME RING!
ALL RIGHT, SHELL OUT THE MONEY, I'M IN A HURRY!
THERE Y'ARE, MY BOY... I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT ALL THERE.
SURE, TINY, THANKS! IT'S FINE, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...
...I KILLED THREE PEOPLE FOR THAT RING... AND I DON'T MIND HAVING MORE BLOOD ON MY HANDS! NOW, HAND OVER THE RING, QUICKLY AND QUIETLY, OR THE TWO OF YOU ARE DEAD MEN!

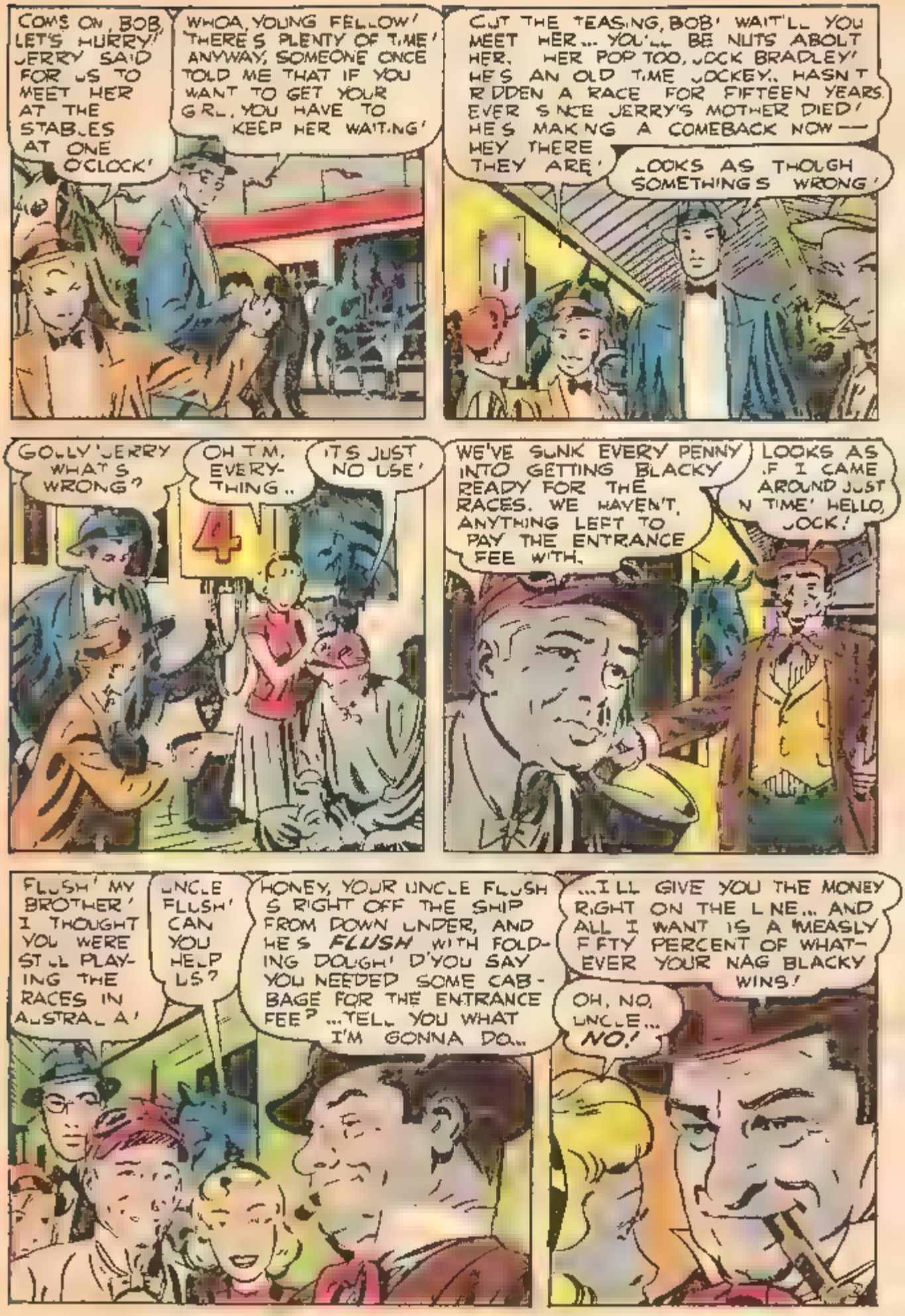
OF COURSE, KID! TINY MORELLI KNOWS WHEN HE'S LICKED! I'LL HAVE THE RING OFF IN HALF A SECOND, KID. IT'S A LITTLE TIGHT...
I CAN WAIT!
TINY LASHES OUT IN A POWERFUL BACKHAND BLOW, SENDING HUGO TO THE FLOOR...
CORPSE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME A THING ...HE GETS A KNIFE IN THE RIBS... AND A PAIR OF CONCRETE SHOES!
NO! I WAS ONLY KIDDING! NO! PLEASE, BOYS! PLEASE! PLEASE...
THIS AIN'T NO TIME TO GET POLITE, HUGO! GET RID OF THE DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT!
CORPSE... YOU SURE USED THE SHIV NEATLY!
KNIVES ARE MY SPECIALTY, TINY! BUT I DO A GOOD JOB WITH A GAT, TOO. I'LL HAVE THE BOYS GET RID OF THE LATE HUGO MELROSE...
OKAY, TELL THEM TO HURRY IT UP.... SAAAY, THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL RING.
CORPSE, I THINK WE'D BETTER MOVE THE "SILVER QUEEN" OUT OF HERE. WE'LL TIE UP AT ANOTHER TOWN. NO SENSE HANGING AROUND THIS BURG...
7

MEANWHILE...
SAY... WHO'RE THEY?
IT'S THE TERROR TWINS!
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GET 'EM OFF THE SHIP! WE DON'T WANT 'EM MOOCHING AROUND!
HERE THEY COME, TERROR!
OKAY! GET READY FOR A SWIM, YOU BIRDS!
LOOK AT HIM... NO STAMINA!
THESE WGS AREN'T IN GOOD SHAPE AT ALL... A MOONLIGHT DIP MIGHT HELP THEM...
THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM!
YOU'RE SADLY MISTAKEN, TERROR... YOU FORGOT ME!
AHH... I MISSED!
WELL... WE WEREN'T EXACTLY STANDING STILL!
YOU HIT HIM HIGH... I'LL HIT HIM LOW!
TIMBERRRRR...
8

HE'S ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
HEY, LOOK AT THE FUGITIVE FROM THE ZOO!
IT'S...IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!
DON'T DO NOTHIN' TO ME! LET ME ALONE!
WE WANT A FEW WORDS WITH YOU, FRIEND!
LOOK!
WELL, WELL! WE HIT THE DOUBLE JACKPOT!
THE CAPTAIN'S RING! SO YOU KILLED CAPTAIN MELROSE... AND WOUNDED HIS NIECE AND JIM TURNER!
NO...YER WRONG! I AIN'T THE ONE WHO DONE THAT ..IT'S THE WRONG MURDER!
NO MURDER IS THE RIGHT MURDER... NOW, LET'S ALL GET DOWN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS. YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF TALKING TO DO BEFORE THE POLICE ARE THROUGH!
9

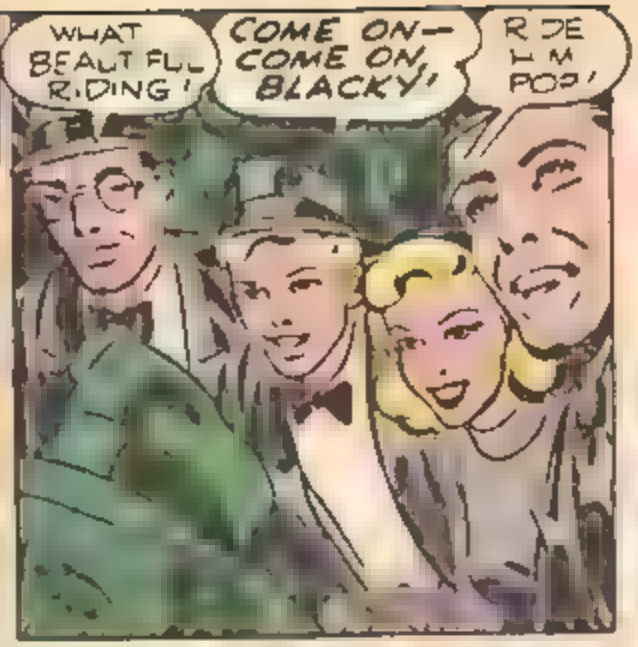

LATER...AT THE HOSPITAL...
HERE MISS MELROSE. YOUR UNCLE'S RING. I WAS SURE YOU'D WANT IT. AND...UH, THE POLICE FOUND YOUR COUSIN HUGO'S BODY FLOATING IN THE HARBOR!
POOR HUGO. POOR UNCLE...
WHAT DO YOU FIGURE HAPPENED, TERROR?
IT'S HARD TO SAY, EXACTLY MORE...AND HIS GUNMAN CORPSE, KEEP HOLLERING THAT THEY'RE CHARGED WITH THE WRONG MURDER. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THAT'LL CHANGE MATTERS. THEY PROBABLY KILLED THE CAPTAIN FOR THE RING AND HUGO BECAUSE OF HIS FAILURE TO PAY HIS DEBT. BUT THE RING ITSELF IS EVIDENCE ENOUGH THAT THEY KILLED THE CAPTAIN.
OH, JIM, JIM DARLING HOLD ME TIGHT DON'T EVER LET ME GO!
THERE, THERE, DEAR...IT'S ALL OVER NOW...
COME ON, KID...THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US!
YOU'RE SO RIGHT, TERROR!
ANOTHER CASE CLOSED.
YEAH, IT'S BEEN A BUSY TIME FOR US.
SOME WEEKS LATER IN THE DRUG STORE.
HEY, BOB...LOOK AT THE PAPER.
THERE'S GOOD NEWS TONIGHT! LOTS OF IT!
STAN MORELLI GUNMAN EXECUTED
HELEN MELROSE WEDS JIM TURNER

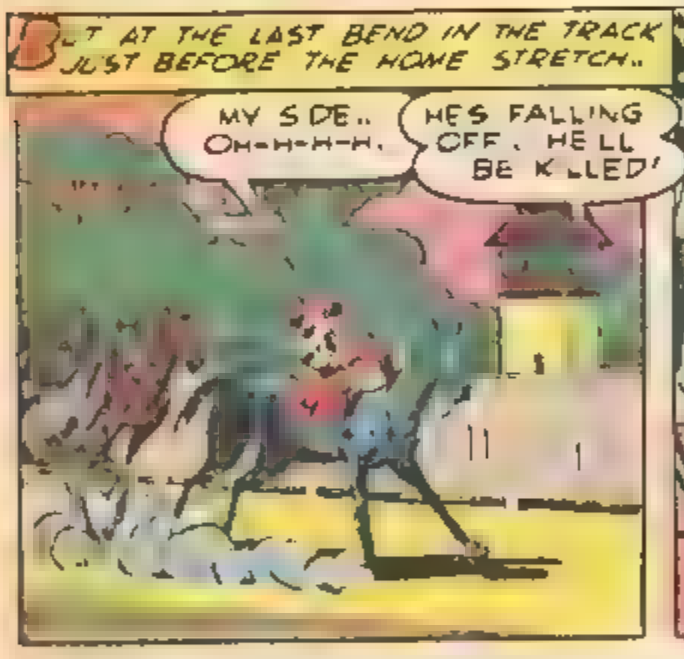
The BLACK TERROR
COME ON, BOB! LETS GO INTO ACTION!
TAKE IT EASY! YOU'RE NOT IN YOUR TERROR COSTUME, TM!
POP! POP! DON'T HIT HIM! DON'T HIT YOUR OWN BROTHER!
4
WILSON MESKIN
THE SPORT OF KINGS RODE HIGH WITH FLUSH BRADLEY.. A CLEVER CROOK WHO GAMBLED TO WIN BY DEADLY MEANS! BUT BRADLEY FORGOT THAT IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A BET AND THAT THE BLACK—TERROR HIMSELF WAS THE.. "HANDICAP TO MURDER!"

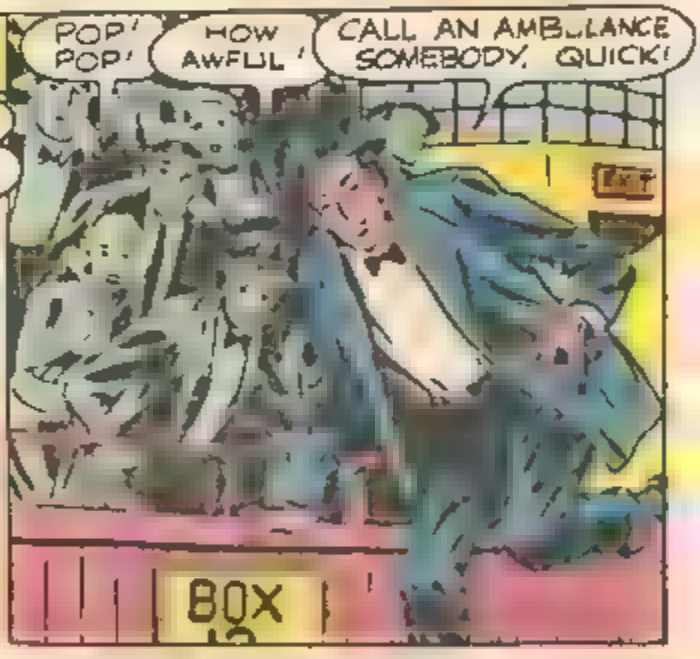

COME ON, BOB, LET'S HURRY! JERRY SAID FOR US TO MEET HER AT THE STABLES AT ONE O'CLOCK!
WHOA, YOUNG FELLOW! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME! ANYWAY, SOMEONE ONCE TOLD ME THAT IF YOU WANT TO GET YOUR GAL, YOU HAVE TO KEEP HER WAITING!
CUT THE TEASING, BOB! WAIT'LL YOU MEET HER... YOU'LL BE NUTS ABOUT HER. HER POP TOO, JOCK BRADLEY! HE'S AN OLD TIME JOCKEY.. HASN'T RIDDEN A RACE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, EVER SINCE JERRY'S MOTHER DIED! HE'S MAKING A COMEBACK NOW — HEY THERE THEY ARE!
LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMETHING'S WRONG!
GOLLY, JERRY WHAT'S WRONG?
OH I'M, EVERY-THING..
IT'S JUST NO USE!
WE'VE SUNK EVERY PENNY INTO GETTING BLACKY READY FOR THE RACES. WE HAVEN'T ANYTHING LEFT TO PAY THE ENTRANCE FEE WITH.
LOOKS AS IF I CAME AROUND JUST IN TIME! HELLO, JOCK!
FLUSH! MY BROTHER! I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL PLAYING THE RACES IN AUSTRALIA!
UNCLE FLUSH! CAN YOU HELP US?
HONEY, YOUR UNCLE FLUSH IS RIGHT OFF THE SHIP FROM DOWN UNDER, AND HE'S FLUSH WITH FOLDING DOUGH! D'YOU SAY YOU NEEDED SOME CABBAGE FOR THE ENTRANCE FEE? ...TELL YOU WHAT I'M GONNA DO..
...I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY RIGHT ON THE LINE... AND ALL I WANT IS A MEASLY FIFTY PERCENT OF WHATEVER YOUR NAG BLACKY WINS!
OH, NO, UNCLE... NO!

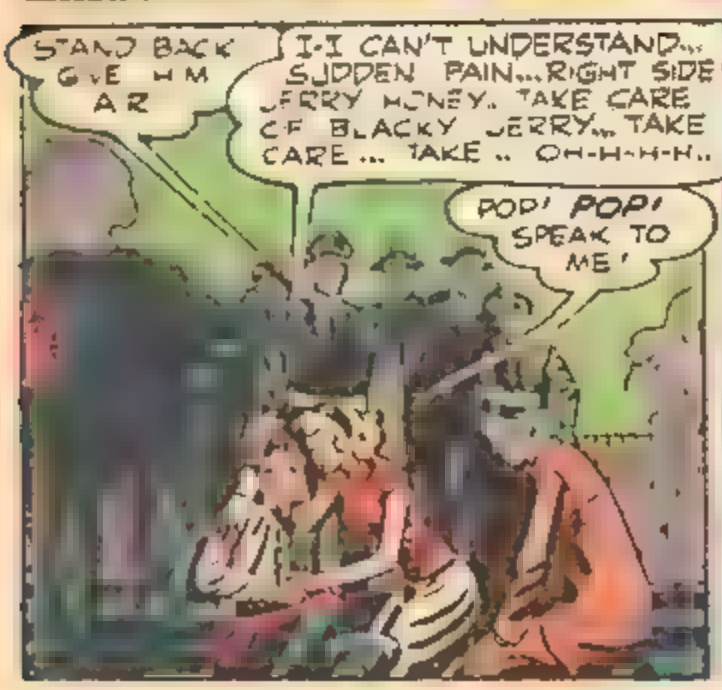
FLESH YOU CAN'T DO THIS IT'S NOT FAIR TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR OWN BROTHER. JERRY AND I RAISED THAT HORSE FROM A COLT ALL BY OURSELVES. WE SACRIFICED PLANNED NIGHT AND DAY. THREW IN ALL THE TIME AND MONEY WE HAD.
AH WHAT A HORSE HE'S WORTH A FORTUNE
BLACKY'S OUR LAST CHANCE FLESH! HE'S GOT TO WIN THE GRAND PRIZE! IT WILL BE OUR FUTURE.. JERRY'S EDUCATION!
CUT OUT THE SONG AND DANCE I'M BORED TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT THAT'S MY OFFER FIFTY PERCENT!
WHY YOU VILLAIN! YOU'RE NO BROTHER OF MINE. YOU... YOU RAT!
HEY! OW-W! STOP HIM SOMEBODY HELP!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, JOCK!
LET ME AT HIM. THE ROTTEN LITTLE SNEAK! THE ONLY HEART HE'S GOT IS AN ACE UP HIS SLEEVE!
TAKE IT EASY MR. BRADLEY!
I'LL LEND YOU THE MONEY FOR THE ENTRANCE FEE.. AND WITHOUT INTEREST JUST A LOAN BETWEEN FRENDS.
YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S NOT BUSINESS! YOU AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT TO HORN IN ON ME... WHY FOR TWO CENTS, I'LL... I'LL... I THINK I'LL LEAVE!
I CAN'T FIND WORDS TO THANK YOU BOB NOW BLACKY CAN RUN IN THE GRAND PRIZE TOMORROW!
LET'S GET TO OUR SEATS! THE PRELIMINARIES BEGIN IN TEN MINUTES! GOOD LUCK MR. BRADLEY!

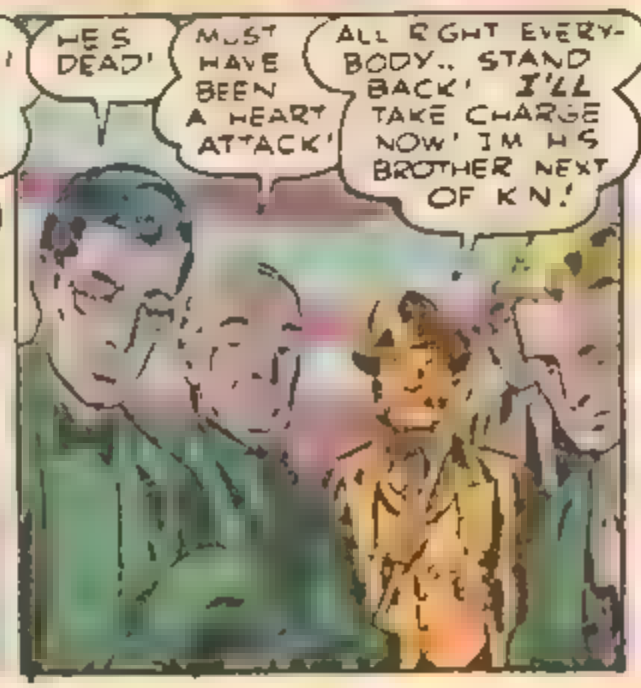
THEY'RE OFF!

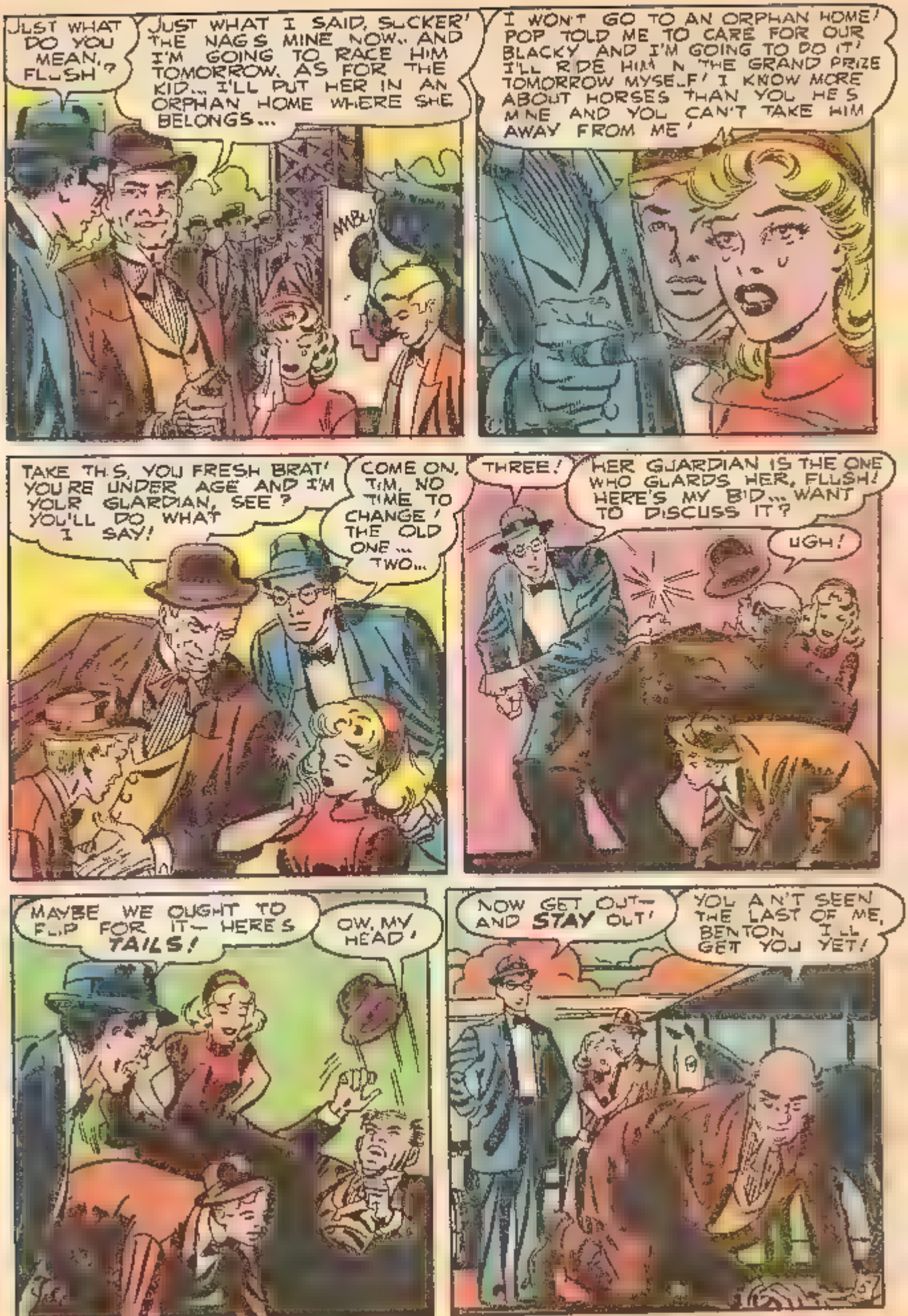

WHAT BEAUTIFUL RIDING!
COME ON— COME ON, BLACKY!
RIDE HIM POP!

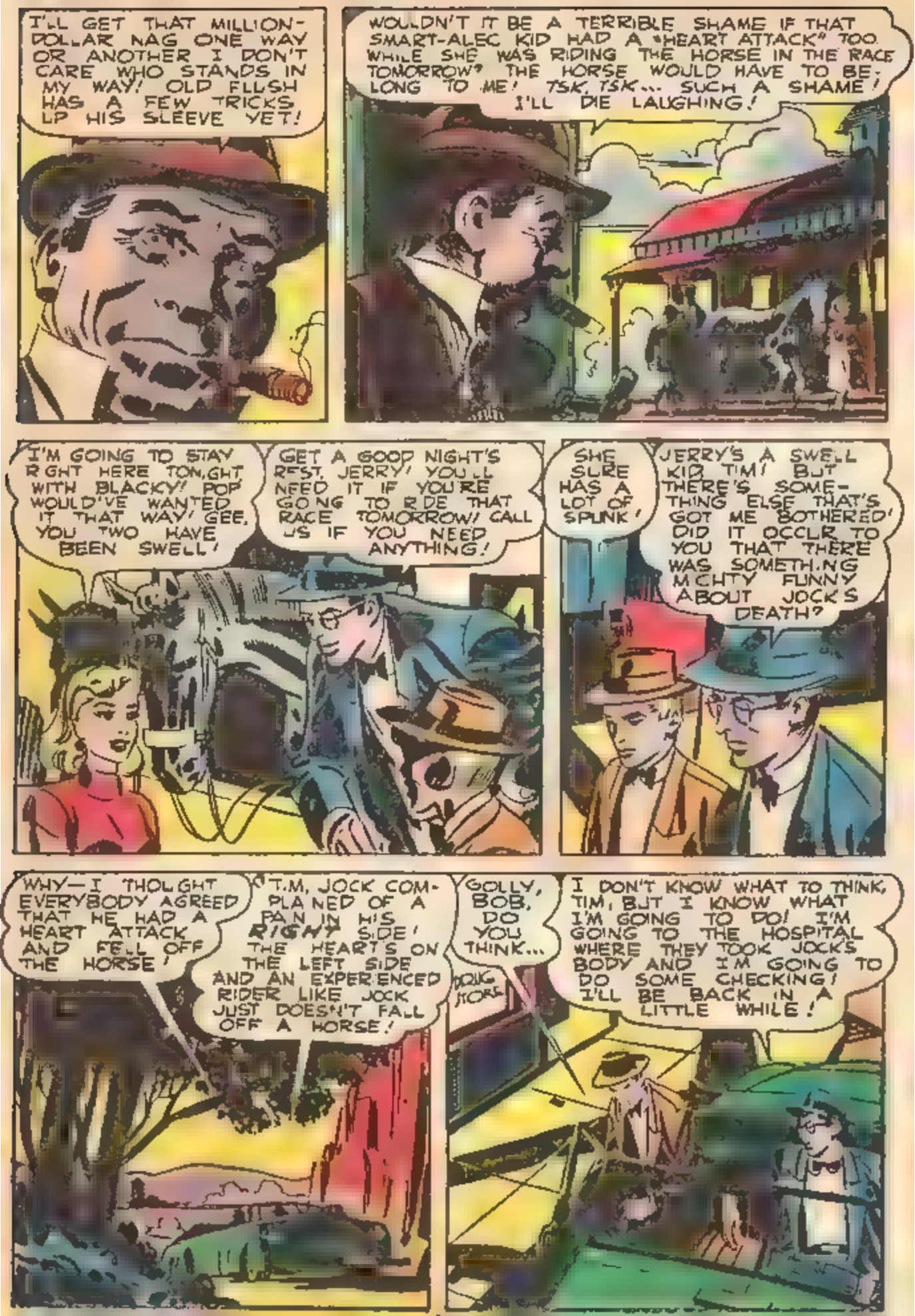

BUT AT THE LAST BEND IN THE TRACK JUST BEFORE THE HOME STRETCH..
MY SIDE.. OH-H-H-H.
HE'S FALLING OFF. HE'LL BE KILLED!

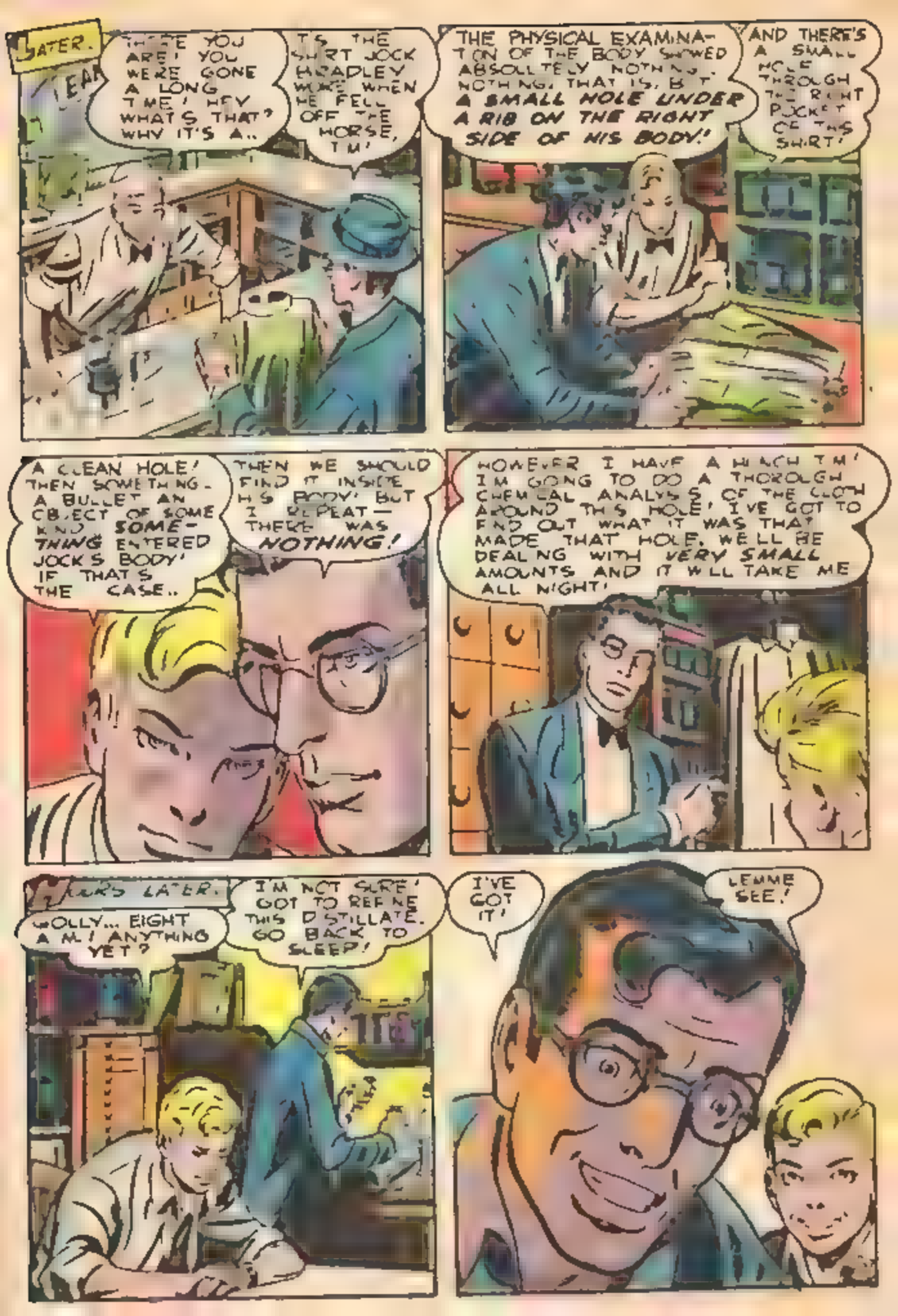

POP! POP!
HOW AWFUL!
CALL AN AMBULANCE SOMEBODY, QUICK!
EXIT
BOX

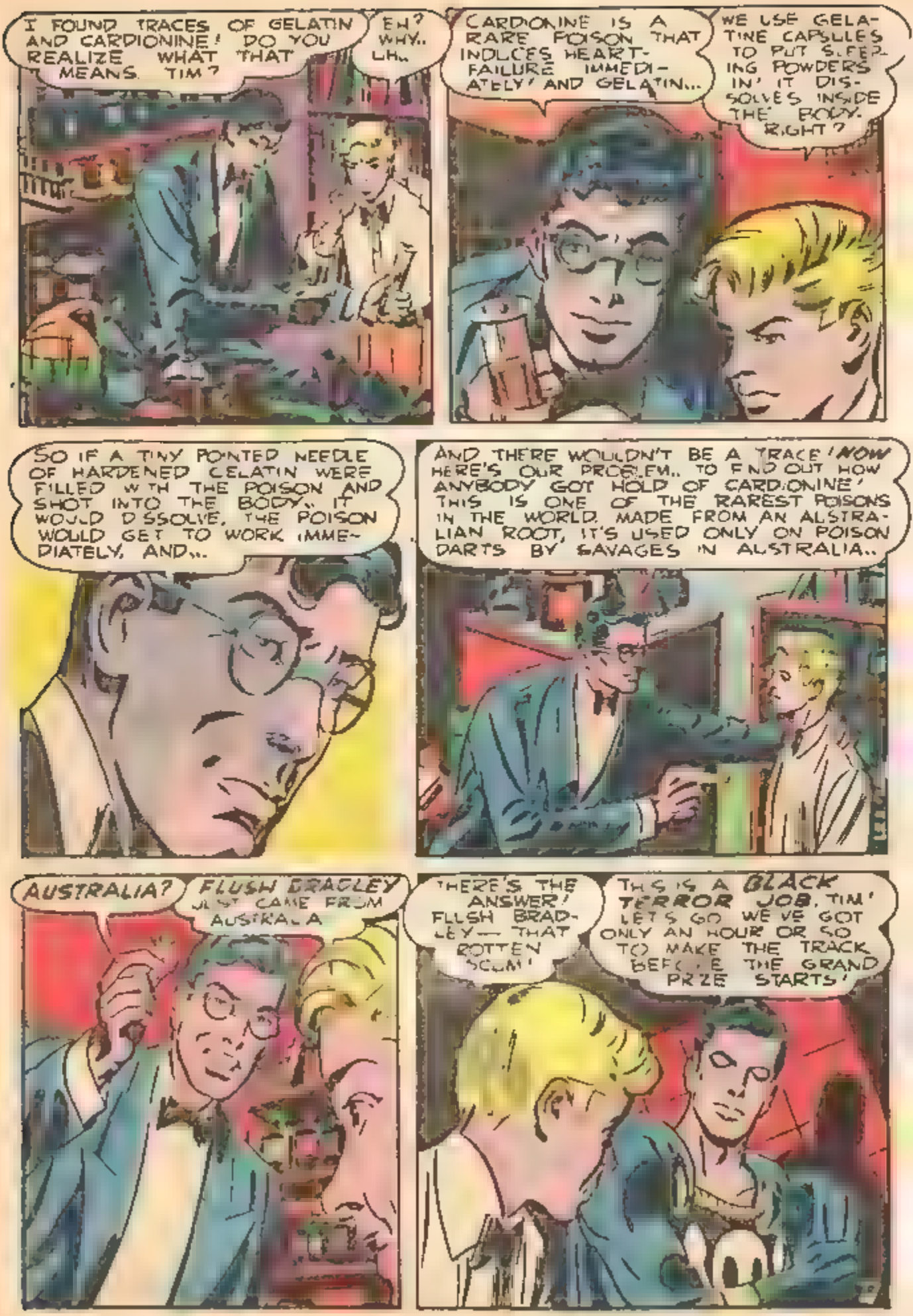

STAND BACK GIVE HIM AIR
I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND... SUDDEN PAIN... RIGHT SIDE! JERRY HONEY.. TAKE CARE OF BLACKY JERRY... TAKE CARE... TAKE.. OH-H-H-H..
POP! POP! SPEAK TO ME!


HE'S DEAD!
MUST HAVE BEEN A HEART ATTACK!
ALL RIGHT EVERYBODY.. STAND BACK! I'LL TAKE CHARGE NOW! I'M HIS BROTHER NEXT OF KIN!


JUST WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FLUSH?
JUST WHAT I SAID, SUCKER! THE NAG'S MINE NOW.. AND I'M GOING TO RACE HIM TOMORROW. AS FOR THE KID... I'LL PUT HER IN AN ORPHAN HOME WHERE SHE BELONGS...
AMBLE!
I WON'T GO TO AN ORPHAN HOME! POP TOLD ME TO CARE FOR OUR BLACKY AND I'M GOING TO DO IT! I'LL RIDE HIM IN THE GRAND PRIZE TOMORROW MYSELF! I KNOW MORE ABOUT HORSES THAN YOU HE'S MINE AND YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME!
TAKE THIS, YOU FRESH BRAT! YOU'RE UNDER AGE AND I'M YOUR GUARDIAN, SEE? YOU'LL DO WHAT I SAY!
COME ON, TIM, NO TIME TO CHANGE! THE OLD ONE ... TWO...
THREE!
HER GUARDIAN IS THE ONE WHO GUARDS HER, FLUSH! HERE'S MY BID... WANT TO DISCUSS IT?
UGH!
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO FLIP FOR IT— HERE'S TAILS!
OW, MY HEAD!
NOW GET OUT— AND STAY OUT!
YOU AIN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME, BENTON I'LL GET YOU YET!


I'LL GET THAT MILLION-DOLLAR NAG ONE WAY OR ANOTHER I DON'T CARE WHO STANDS IN MY WAY! OLD FLUSH HAS A FEW TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE YET!
WOULDN'T IT BE A TERRIBLE SHAME IF THAT SMART-ALEC KID HAD A "HEART ATTACK" TOO WHILE SHE WAS RIDING THE HORSE IN THE RACE TOMORROW? THE HORSE WOULD HAVE TO BE-LONG TO ME! TSK, TSK... SUCH A SHAME! I'LL DIE LAUGHING!
I'M GOING TO STAY RIGHT HERE TONIGHT WITH BLACKY! POP WOULD'VE WANTED IT THAT WAY! GEE, YOU TWO HAVE BEEN SWELL!
GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST, JERRY! YOU'LL NEED IT IF YOU'RE GOING TO RIDE THAT RACE TOMORROW! CALL US IF YOU NEED ANYTHING!
SHE SURE HAS A LOT OF SPUNK!
JERRY'S A SWELL KID TIM! BUT THERE'S SOME-THING ELSE THAT'S GOT ME BOTHERED! DID IT OCCUR TO YOU THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT JOCK'S DEATH?
WHY—I THOUGHT EVERYBODY AGREED THAT HE HAD A HEART ATTACK AND FELL OFF THE HORSE!
T.M, JOCK COMPLAINED OF A PAIN IN HIS RIGHT SIDE! THE HEART'S ON THE LEFT SIDE AND AN EXPERIENCED RIDER LIKE JOCK JUST DOESN'T FALL OFF A HORSE!
GOLLY, BOB, DO YOU THINK...
DRUG STORE
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, TIM, BUT I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! I'M GOING TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE THEY TOOK JOCK'S BODY AND I'M GOING TO DO SOME CHECKING! I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE!


LATER.
THERE YOU ARE! YOU WERE GONE A LONG TIME! HEY WHAT'S THAT? WHY IT'S A..
IT'S THE SHIRT JOCK HADLEY WORE WHEN HE FELL OFF THE HORSE, TM!
THE PHYSICAL EXAMINATION OF THE BODY SHOWED ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. NOTHING, THAT IS, BUT A SMALL HOLE UNDER A RIB ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF HIS BODY!
AND THERE'S A SMALL HOLE THROUGH THE RIGHT POCKET OF THIS SHIRT!
A CLEAN HOLE! THEN SOMETHING - A BULLET AN OBJECT OF SOME KIND SOMETHING ENTERED JOCK'S BODY! IF THAT'S THE CASE..
THEN WE SHOULD FIND IT INSIDE HIS BODY! BUT I REPEAT— THERE WAS NOTHING!
HOWEVER I HAVE A HUNCH TM! I'M GOING TO DO A THOROUGH CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF THE CLOTH AROUND THIS HOLE, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS THAT MADE THAT HOLE. WE'LL BE DEALING WITH VERY SMALL AMOUNTS AND IT WILL TAKE ME ALL NIGHT!
HOURS LATER.
GOLLY... EIGHT A.M.! ANYTHING YET?
I'M NOT SURE! GOT TO REFINE THIS DISTILLATE. GO BACK TO SLEEP!
I'VE GOT IT!
LEMME SEE!


I FOUND TRACES OF GELATIN AND CARDIONINE! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS, TIM?
EH? WHY.. UH..
CARDIONINE IS A RARE POISON THAT INDUCES HEART-FAILURE IMMEDIATELY! AND GELATIN...
WE USE GELATINE CAPSULES TO PUT SLEEPING POWDERS IN! IT DISSOLVES INSIDE THE BODY. RIGHT?
SO IF A TINY POINTED NEEDLE OF HARDENED GELATIN WERE FILLED WITH THE POISON AND SHOT INTO THE BODY.. IT WOULD DISSOLVE, THE POISON WOULD GET TO WORK IMMEDIATELY, AND...
AND THERE WOULDN'T BE A TRACE! NOW HERE'S OUR PROBLEM.. TO FIND OUT HOW ANYBODY GOT HOLD OF CARDIONINE! THIS IS ONE OF THE RAREST POISONS IN THE WORLD. MADE FROM AN ALSTRALIAN ROOT, IT'S USED ONLY ON POISON DARTS BY SAVAGES IN AUSTRALIA..
AUSTRALIA?
FLUSH BRADLEY JUST CAME FROM AUSTRALIA
THERE'S THE ANSWER! FLUSH BRADLEY — THAT ROTTEN SCUM!
THIS IS A BLACK TERROR JOB, TIM! LET'S GO. WE'VE GOT ONLY AN HOUR OR SO TO MAKE THE TRACK BEFORE THE GRAND PRIZE STARTS!

NOT A SIGN OF THE LOST TERROR THE HORSES ARE RUNNING THE HILL NEAR WHERE JOCK FELL!
THE BEND, OF COURSE! GIDDAP! LET'S USE YER BINOCULARS!
THAT CANE MUST BE HOLLOW AND HE'S USING IT AS A BLOW-GUN! COME ON, K.D.—WE'LL HAVE TO BE FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE!
RIGHT WITH YOU, TERROR!
PHOTO FINISH
SCRATCH ONE HORSE'S NECK
THE BLACK TERROR— YIPE!
SECONDS LATER JERRY AND BLACKY ARE FIRST PLACE!
NUMBER FOUR WON! YAY!
HOORAY!
LATER AFTER THE AWARDS HAVE BEEN PRESENTED
AND I'LL HAVE THE PAPERS DRAWN UP TO GIVE YOU FULL RIGHT TO BLACKY AND THE MONEY, UNDER THE GUARDIAN SHIP OF MY FRIEND BOB BY THE
GEE-E-E-E! F CAN'T THINK AS STRAIGHT AND HAVE A THE K.D. TERROR!

BOB BENTON and his young friend Tim were visiting their good friend Chief Halsey of the Rockland police. They had been drawn to the small Maine community by the announcement that there was a haunted house in the vicinity. Chief Halsey was a rugged New Englander and did not believe in haunts.

As the visitors from New York sat in the chief's office he said:

"The Quinlan House" has been standing up there on the hill for almost a hundred years. Some folks say that no one has lived in it since shortly before the Civil War. Just this last summer there have been moving lights seen in the house, and smoke coming from the chimney. I've had my men check the place, but they can't find any signs of an occupant."

"Why should it be haunted?" Bob Benton inquired.

Some people here say it's because the Quinlans helped to send slaves into Canada during the Civil War. Others tell us that during the war the last of the Quinlans went to sea and was lost. His ghost is supposed to be haunting the place."

"What do the modern ghosts look like?" Tim asked pleasantly.

Chief Halsey chuckled. "I don't know," he declared, "I've never seen them. I've been too busy working with several of the surrounding police chiefs and the F. B. I. on a series of bank robberies and jewelry store thefts."

Bob Benton's mind clicked rapidly. The mild-mannered druggist, who was also a nemesis of crime as the Black Terror, was trying to analyze all of the factors involved in this mysterious business. After talking things over with the chief for some time Bob and Tim went to the Rockland House where their baggage had been brought.

"What do we do?" Tim asked when the pair were alone.

"I'm going up to the Quinlan House tonight," Bob Benton declared. "I think I'd like to make the acquaintance of a real live ghost."

"A real *live* ghost?" Tim said. "But I thought these ghosts were dead for almost eighty years."

Bob Benton chuckled. Then he said: "If you're coming along with me, you'd better bring your Terror outfit. We may have to do a little haunting of our own."

DARKNESS closed in around the little Maine community. Bob Benton and his companion had excited no particular attention when they ate in the dining room, but anyone would have been surprised to watch them as they sat in their car at the foot of a dirt road near the Quinlan House and changed into their Black Terror outfits.

"You go ahead and look things over," Bob Benton suggested. "I have a few things to check on."

Tim, clad as Young Black Terror, moved up through the shadows of the tree-lined path and got in close to the house. The Quinlan House was a great sprawling place and nearby there was a large barn. Bob Benton opened a bag, took out some things he had there and placed them in the capacious pocket of his clothing. Then he followed on Tim's trail.

Benton headed for the barn first and was not surprised to find that there was a spot, hidden under a hay mow, where an automobile had been kept. Oil and grease drippings on the floor indicated this.

Back at the big house, the two black-clad figures blended with the darkness and Benton whispered:

"They're probably out on a job."

"Who?" asked Tim. "The ghosts?"

"Yes," replied Black Terror with a chuckle. Then they were crossing the front veranda. Bob Benton held a small pencil flashlight in his hand. He opened the front door which was unlocked and shone the flashlight on the floor. It was covered with dust. "We can't go in there," he said. "Anyone coming through this door would know we were here immediately. There must be another way in."

TIM was puzzled, but the Black Terror led the way around the house and finally took him into a cellar doorway and down onto the hard-packed dirt floor of the basement. Benton studied the cellar under his flashlight, and then headed for a wide boarded jam closet. He opened this. The shelves were empty. Benton pushed on the wall behind the shelves. A door opened inward.

"This is the way," Benton said with a chuckle. "It's the way they brought the slaves to hide them. Let's go."

CLOSING the closet door behind him, Benton found a narrow flight of stairs leading upward through [illegible]. It took them to the attic and just before they pushed into the area through a wall panel a gruff voice called:

"Back already, fellows? Have any luck?"

Benton nudged Tim into silence. Then the Black Terror muffled his voice and said:

"Pretty good luck. Get the hiding place open. Chief Halsey is busy again!"

There was a movement in the large room beyond the wall panel. Benton pushed open the panel slowly and stepped into the room. There was a shaded lamp in the middle of the floor and a man was bent over an open trunk. He whirled around as the Black Terror loomed up the wall opening, [illegible] in a terrified voice.

"Ghosts! The place is haunted!"

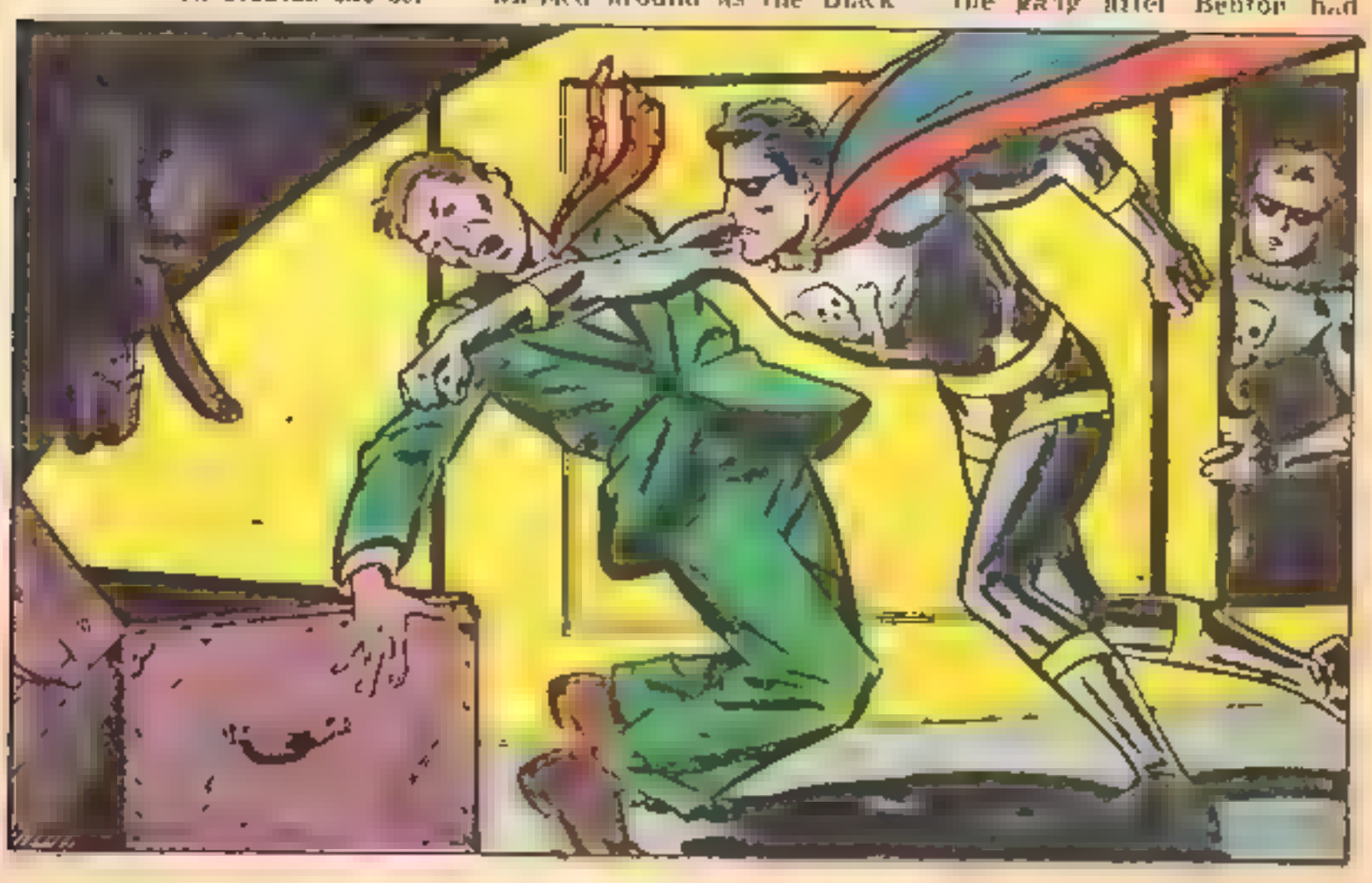
The Black Terror swept forward [illegible] with a quick blow. It landed on the chin of the man and Benton said:

"That's just your guilty conscience. But we'll wait around and talk to your friends. I assume they're out on one of those bank robbing jobs that [illegible] about?"

"I don't know," the occupant of the attic insisted. "I'm just a poor guy trying to get a job. Everyone knows there's nothing wrong with Guy Allen."

"Okay, Guy," Bob Benton declared. "If you're a good boy maybe we'll put in a good word for you with Chief Halsey."

Bob Benton bound his prisoner and gagged him. Then Guy Allen was placed behind the big old-fashioned trunk where the loot of previous robberies was hidden. The Black Terror and Tim settled down to await the rest of the gang after Benton had



emptied the contents of one of his pockets into the trunk.

"Why didn't Chief Halsey find this hideout when he searched the house? Didn't he come up into the attic?"

"Maybe," Benton agreed, "but this attic is behind the regular attic. You'll notice that no stairway comes up here except the one behind the wall panel. But quiet now, I think we're going to have company."

A DARKENED car was coming up the driveway. It passed the house and turned into the barn where it would be concealed under the hay. Bob Benton and Tim were quiet. They heard footsteps echoing in the walls and realized how anyone in the house would certainly believe ghosts were abroad. Then the wall panel opened. Two men pushed into the room and one of them called

"Guy! Guy, where are you?"

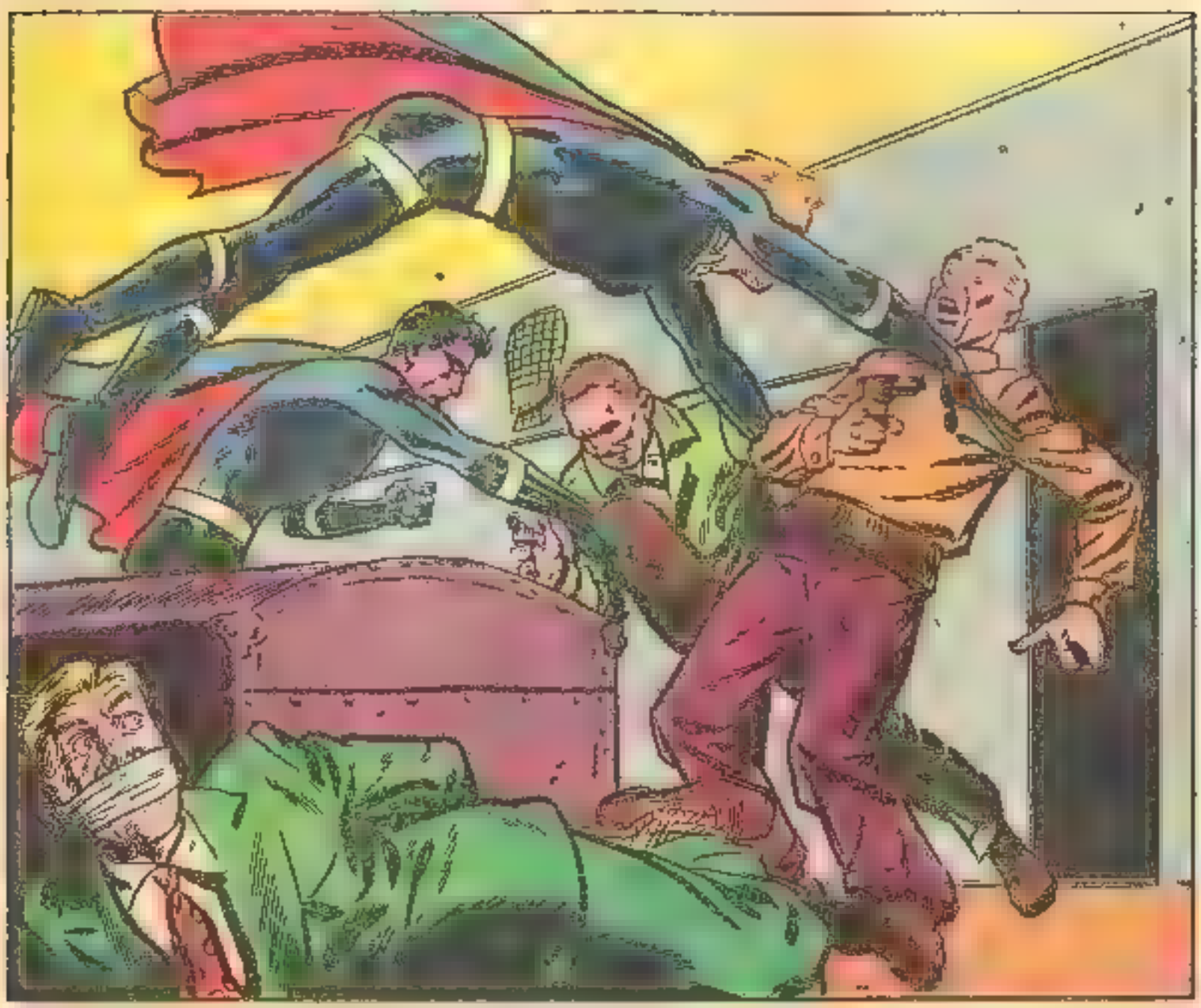
There was a threshing behind the trunk as Guy tried to warn his friends. Then Black Terror and Tim loomed up and flung themselves at the two newcomers. Tim caught his man in a knee-high tackle and toppled him to the floor. The Black Terror swept the other fellow off his feet, but found that he had quite a handful. They wrestled around the floor for a while.

Outside a police siren sounded. Tim disengaging himself from his adversary looked out the little attic window and said: "It's Chief Halsey." Bob Benton freed himself enough to order Tim to signal the police. Then the bank robbers tried to gang up on the Terror Twins. Bob Benton snatched up a batch of the loot from the open trunk and flung it into the robber's face. They staggered back. Then stumbled on the rough floor.

By the time Tim was back with the police, Bob Benton had things under control. Chief Halsey thanked him for a good job. Bob Benton said:

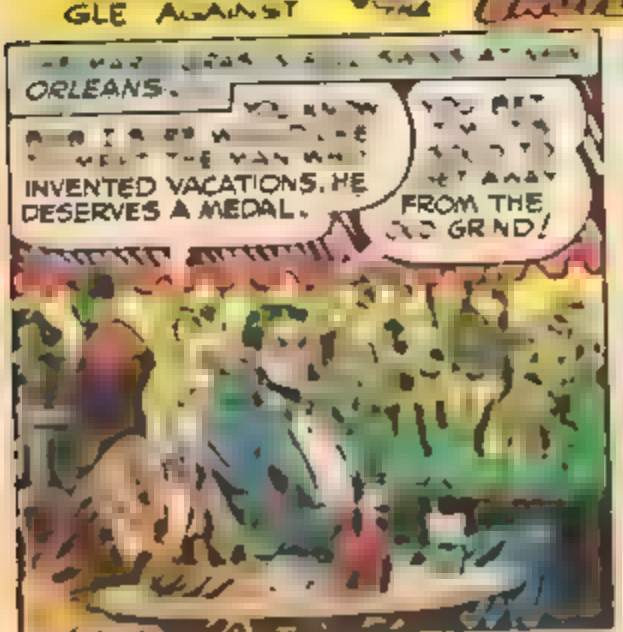
"I guess Guy Allen and his pals didn't realize that a haunted house could work both ways. They sure looked as though they were scared out of their wits when they saw Tim and me in our regalia. But they're all yours, Chief. Now maybe someone will want to move into the Quinlan House. It ought to ease the housing shortage a lot."

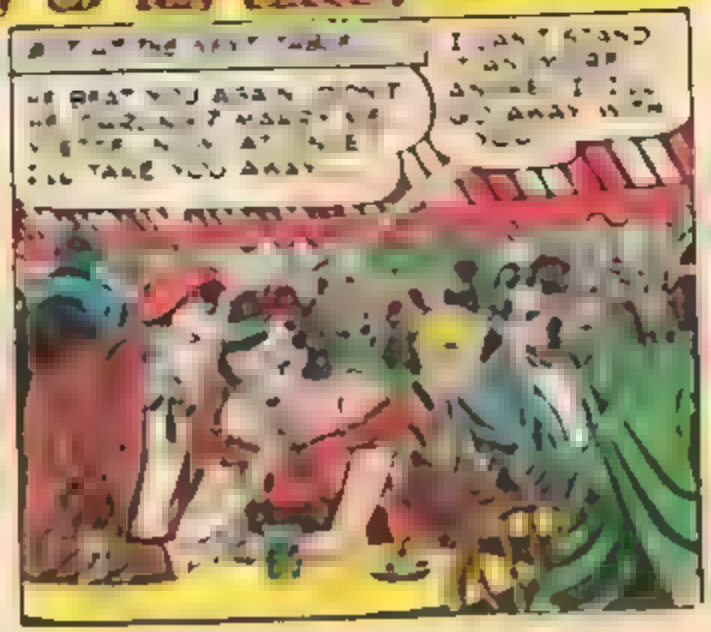
Several of the policemen chuckled. The Black Terror and Tim had helped to fight crime in a big way.

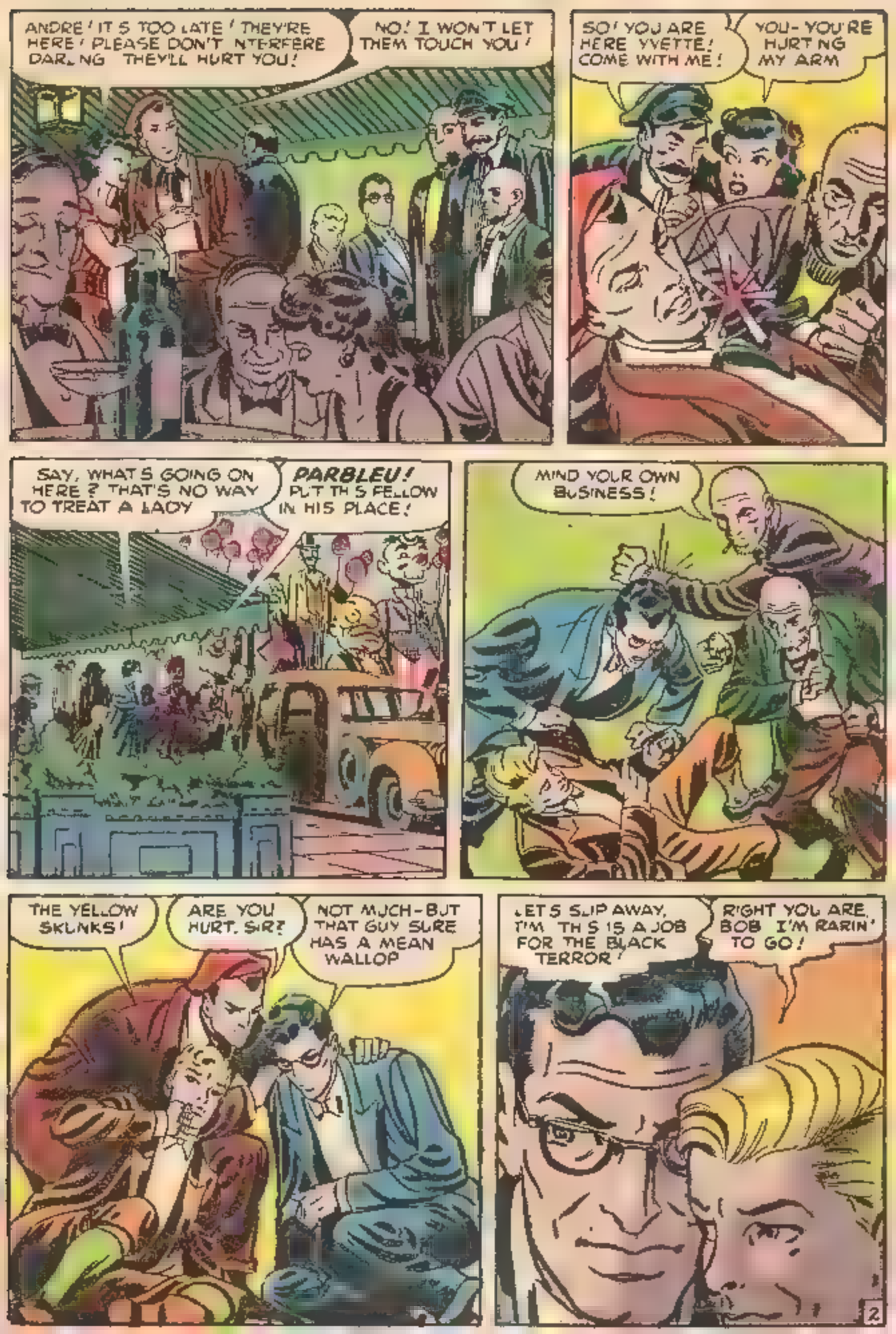


The BLACK TERROR

DEEP IN THE MYSTERIOUS SWAMPLAND OF THE LOUISIANA BAYOU A MAN—HIS SOUL FILLED WITH GREED—PLOTS TO WRECK THE LIVES OF TWO LOVERS AND IT IS THERE THAT THE BLACK TERROR AND THE KID [illegible] TO DEATH IN THE SWAMPS OF [illegible] IN A STRUGGLE AGAINST [illegible]






ANDRE! IT'S TOO LATE! THEY'RE HERE! PLEASE DON'T INTERFERE DARLING THEY'LL HURT YOU!
NO! I WON'T LET THEM TOUCH YOU!
SO! YOU ARE HERE YVETTE! COME WITH ME!
YOU-YOU'RE HURTING MY ARM
SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY
PARBLEU! PUT THIS FELLOW IN HIS PLACE!
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
THE YELLOW SKUNKS!
ARE YOU HURT, SIR?
NOT MUCH-BUT THAT GUY SURE HAS A MEAN WALLOP
LET'S SLIP AWAY, I'M THIS IS A JOB FOR THE BLACK TERROR!
RIGHT YOU ARE, BOB I'M RARIN' TO GO!
2

A CHANGE OF COSTUME--AND THE **TERROR TWINS** COME TO LIFE!

WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, TERROR?

NOTHING DEFINITE, YET. WE'LL GO AFTER THEM WITH ANDRE.

IT IS VERY GALLANT OF YOU TO OFFER TO HELP ME, BLACK TERROR. BUT IT IS A DANGEROUS VENTURE.

THEN LET'S GET GOING, ANDRE. DANGER NEVER STOPPED THE TERROR TWINS!

...AND HE IS HER STEP-FATHER AND THEY ARE HER STEPBROTHERS. THEY KEEP HER A PRISONER ON AN ISLAND IN THE BAYOU.

FASTER, ANDRE!

THERE THEY ARE! OH, THEY'VE GOT A POWER BOAT. WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM!

THERE'S A ROWBOAT WE CAN USE. DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET TO THE ISLAND, ANDRE?

BUT YES, BLACK TERROR. IT IS NOT EASY, BUT I KNOW HOW.

OKAY, ANDRE. THE KID AND I WILL PADDLE. YOU DIRECT US.

IT'S STRAIGHT AHEAD FOR ABOUT FOUR MILES.

FOUR MILES LATER...

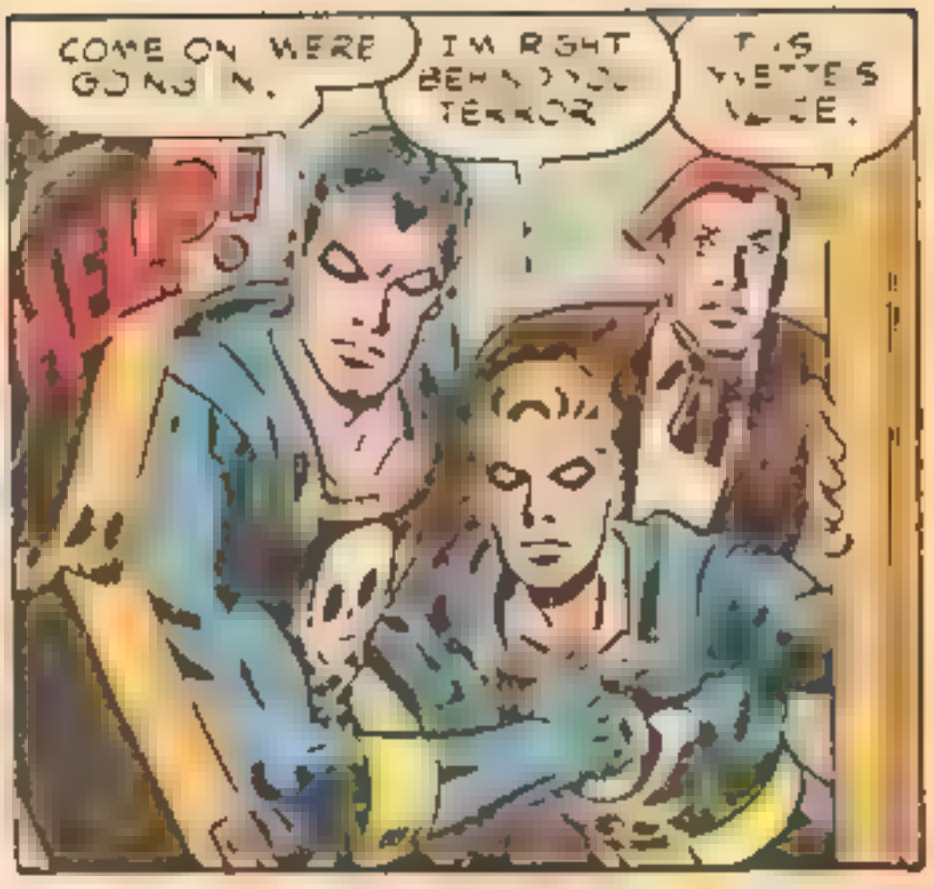
GOLLY, THIS IS A FUNNY COUNTRY. ARE YOU SURE THIS IS IN THE UNITED STATES?

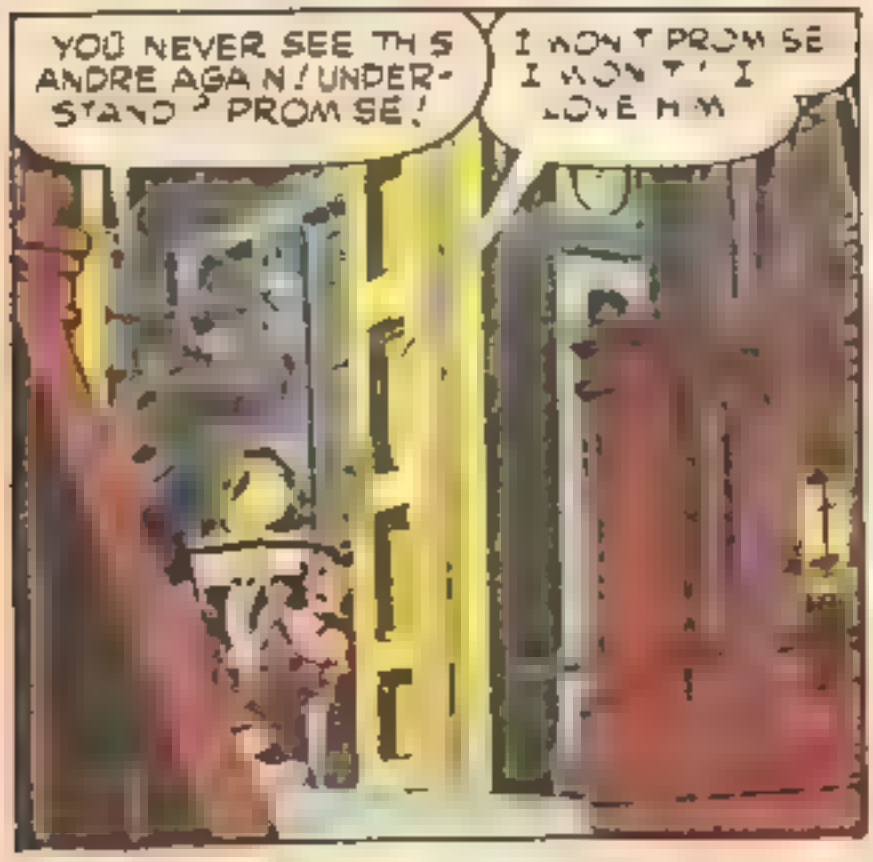
QUIET, KID, WE MUST BE PRETTY CLOSE NOW.

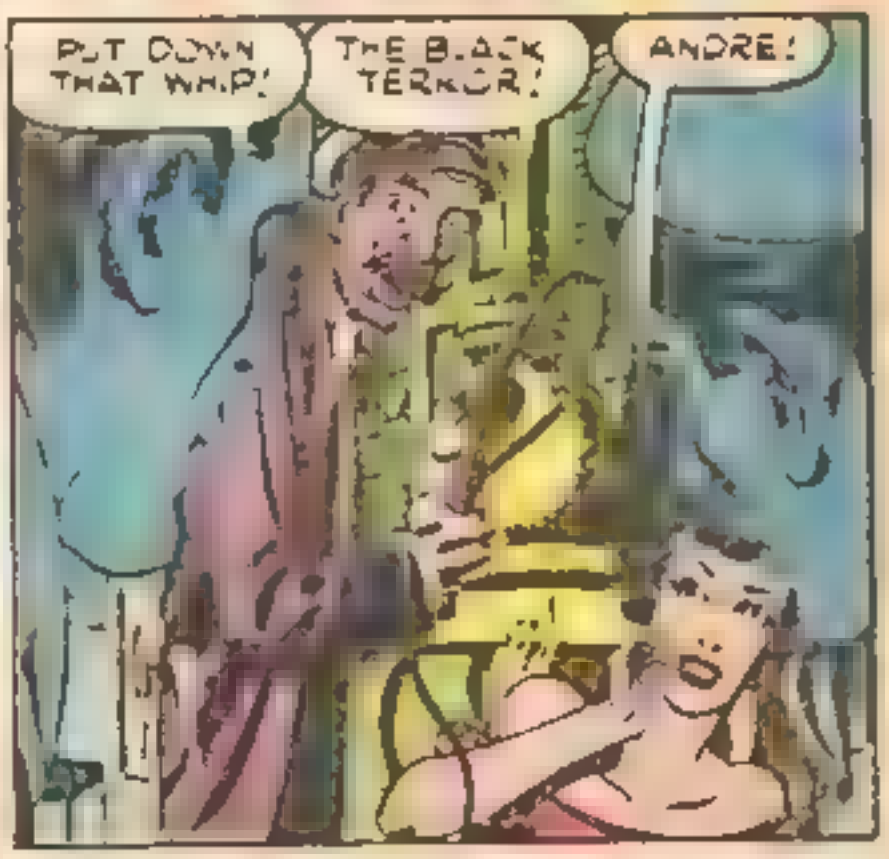
WE ARE! IT'S AROUND THE NEXT TURN!

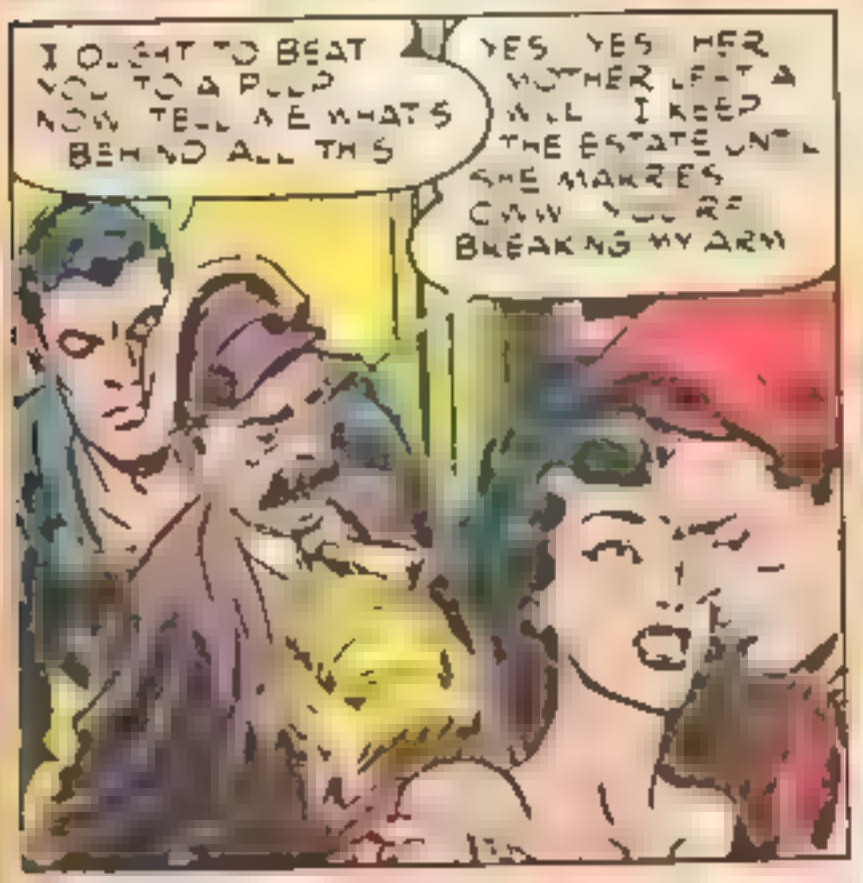
GOSH!

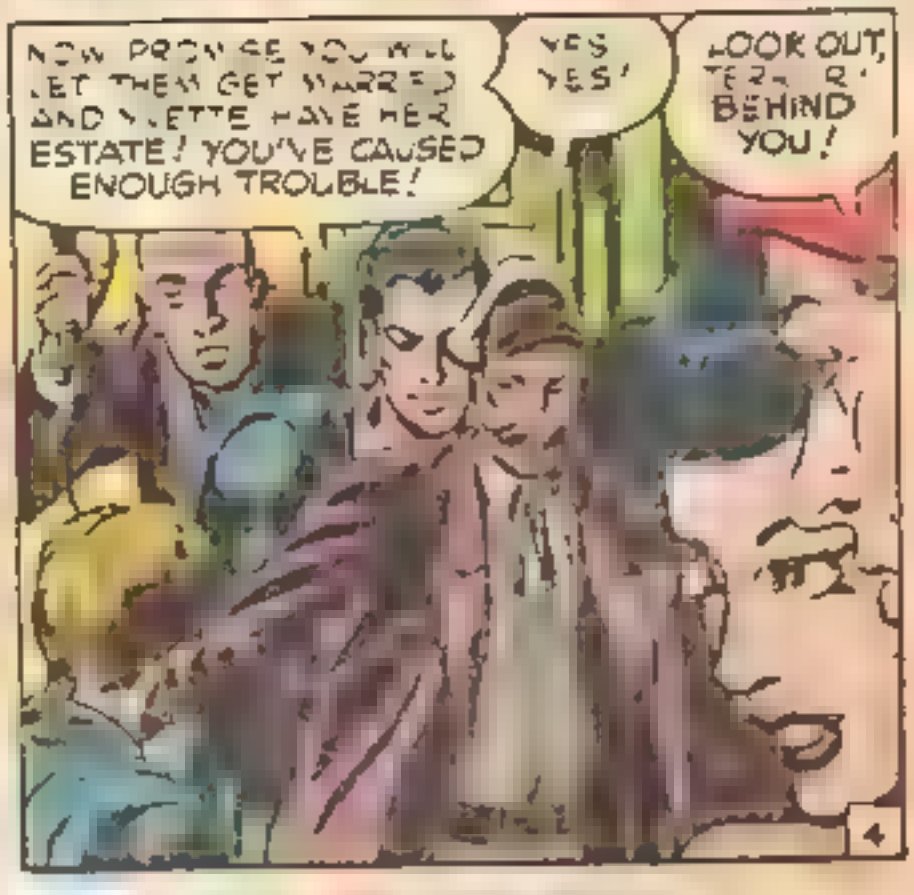
ME U TRY THE
DOOR FIRST


COME ON WERE
GOING N.
IM RIGHT
BEHIND YOU
TERROR
T S
NETTES
VOICE.
HELP!


YOU NEVER SEE TH S
ANDRE AGA N! UNDER-
STAND ? PROM SE!
I WON T PROM SE
I WON T! I
LOVE H M


PUT DOWN
THAT WHIP!
THE BLACK
TERROR!
ANDRE!


I OUGHT TO BEAT
YOU TO A PULP
NOW TELL ME WHAT S
BEHIND ALL TH S
YES YES HER
MOTHER LEFT A
WILL I KEEP
THE ESTATE UNT L
SHE MARRES
CAN YOU RE
BREAKING MY ARM


NOW PROM SE YOU WILL
LET THEM GET MARRED
AND NETTE HAVE HER
ESTATE! YOU'VE CAUSED
ENOUGH TROUBLE!
YES
YES!
LOOK OUT,
TERROR
BEHIND
YOU!

AH-HA! THE TABLES ARE TURNED, NO? NOW YOU WILL DO THE PROMISING!
PARBLEU! WE WON'T NEED HIS PROMISES!
YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH THE YOUNG LOVE BIRDS. WE SHALL SEE THAT THE BLACK TERROR MEETS SOME BLACKER TERRORS.
WHERE ARE THEY TAKING US, TERROR?
SOON YOU WILL SEE! I COULD KILL YOU. BUT THAT WOULD BE TOO EASY
YOU, TERROR KID, WE LEAVE TO THE QUICKSAND! AND BLACK TERROR WE'LL GIVE TO FRIEND THE ALLIGATOR! GOOD BYE!
TERROR! I'M BEING PULLED DOWN!
DON'T MOVE, KID! DON'T MOVE! I'LL HELP YOU AS SOON AS I HAVE THESE ROPES OFF.
I HOPE I CAN. HMM-- THE ALLIGATOR!!!
TERROR! LOOK OUT FOR THAT ALLIGATOR!
DON'T WORRY, KID. I'M GOING TO PUT THAT ALLIGATOR TO WORK... IF I CAN GET THIS LOG IN THE RIGHT POSITION!
IT WORKED! NOW I HOPE THIS FELLOW HAS SHARP TEETH!
5

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

I'VE GOT YOU, KID!
OH... OH... AAAAH.....

I FEEL BETTER NOW, TERROR! GOSH, THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!
IT SURE WAS, KID! BUT YOU'LL BE BACK ON YOUR FEET IN TWO SHAKES OF AN ALLIGATOR'S TAIL!

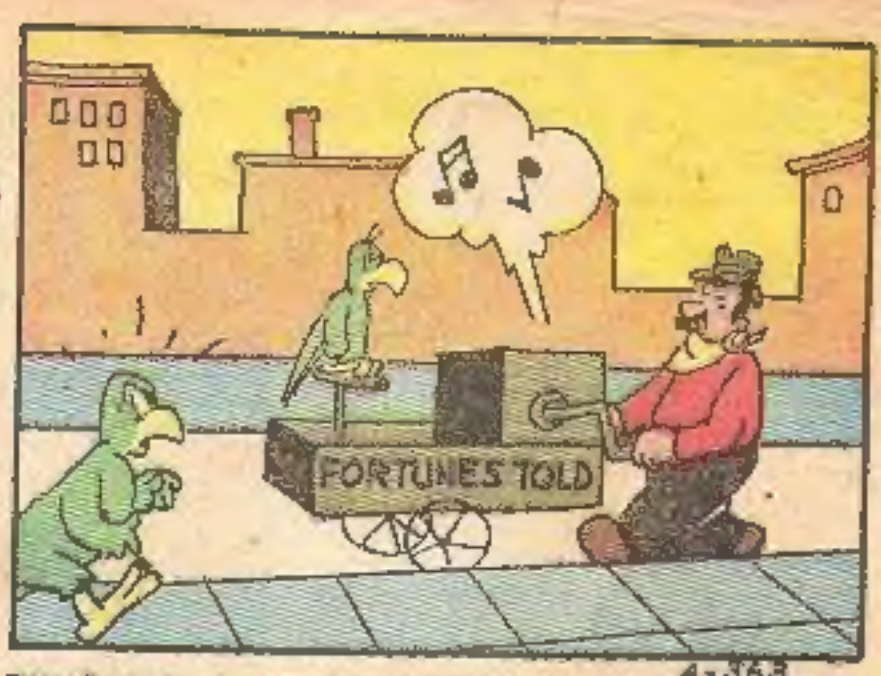
NOW TO GET BACK TO THE HOUSE. I DON'T TRUST THIS SWAMP COUNTRY, SO LET'S ALL DO LIKE THE MONKEYS DO.
RIGHT, TERROR! I'VE HAD ENOUGH QUICKSAND FOR ONE DAY.

WHEE! I'VE ALWAYS LOVED TRAVELING BY AIR!
YES, IT'S FUN--FOR A WHILE. BUT WE'VE GOT SOME ROUGH BUSINESS AHEAD!

MEANWHILE, AT THE HOUSE...
SIGN THE PAPERS, YVETTE! I'LL TAKE THE ESTATE AND YOU CAN HAVE ANDRE!
ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT! ANYTHING- ONLY LET ANDRE GO!
DON'T SIGN, YVETTE! DON'T!
6

DON'T SIGN, YVETTE. THE TERROR TWINS WILL... OOH!
WATCH YOUR SWEETHEART, YVETTE! IF YOU DON'T SIGN, I WILL KILL HIM! YES!
GIVE ME THE PEN!
THIS MONKEY BUSINESS WAS HARDER THAN I THOUGHT!
I KNOW! BUT WE'RE HERE - AND JUST IN TIME!
PARBLEU! CAN THEY NEVER DIE? IT IS THE CURSED BLACK TERROR AGAIN!
CRASH!
THE ONLY THING YOU'LL HAVE TO SIGN, YVETTE, IS A WARRANT FOR THEIR ARREST!
THANK HEAVENS THEY'RE SAFE!
HERE'S THE LAST ONE, TERROR!
AND HERE'S THE LAST YOU'LL SEE OF THESE PAPERS, YVETTE! WELL, THERE'S ONE MORE THING TO BE DONE...
YOU KNOW, TERROR, THAT MAN WHO INVENTED VACATIONS-- HE NEVER THOUGHT UP ONE LIKE THIS.
HOW COULD HE? FROM MARDI GRAS TO MARRIAGE--AND SANDWICHED IN BETWEEN, A BATTLE WITH THE BRUTE OF THE BAYOU!
JUST MARRIED
7

Phineas the Parrot



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